

Master Negative Storage Number

OCI00033.07

Young, John

**The legend of
Marsden Rock**

Newcastle

[18--]

Reel: 33 Title: 7

**BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD TARGET
PRESERVATION OFFICE
CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
MICROFILMING PROJECT, PHASE IV
JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION
Master Negative Storage Number: OC100033.07**

Control Number: ADL-3558

OCLC Number : 28398543

Call Number : W 381.52M C839d LEGE

Author : Young, John, Bishop Wearmouth.

**Title : The legend of Marsden Rock, or, The life and adventures of
Little Spottee, the hermit of the rock / by John Young,
Bishop Wearmouth.**

Imprint : Newcastle : Published and sold by J. Ross, [18--]

Format : 22 p. ; 17 cm.

Note : Cover title.

**Note : With: The Dartford edition of The adventures of the
celebrated London linen-draper, John Gilpin and his family /
[by William Cowper]. Dartford [England] : Dunkin and Co.,
1849.**

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

Added Entry : Ross, John, printer.

**MICROFILMED BY
PRESERVATION RESOURCES (BETHLEHEM, PA)**

**On behalf of the
Preservation Office, Cleveland Public Library
Cleveland, Ohio, USA**

Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/26/94

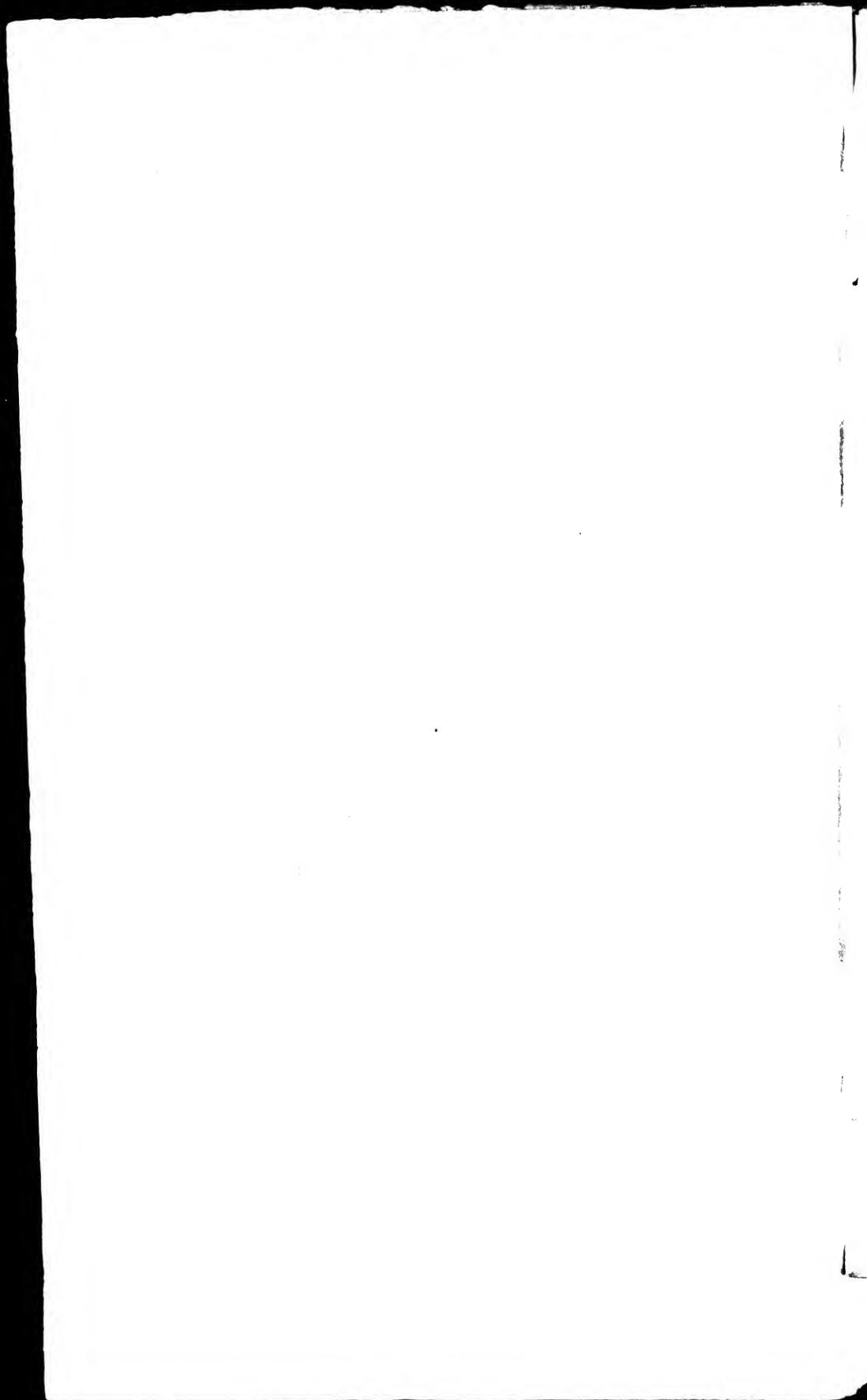
Camera Operator: AR

THE LEGEND
OF
MARSDEN ROCK;
OR THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
LITTLE SPOTTEE
THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

DEDICATED TO THE PIC NIC PARTIES OF
SUNDERLAND, SHIELDS, &c.

BY JOHN YOUNG, BISHOPWEARMOUTH.

NEWCASTLE:
PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY J. ROSS,
ROYAL ARCADE.



W
381.527
C839J Lege

THE LEGEND
OF
MARSDEN ROCK.

In South Shields town, some years ago,
One night was met a jovial crew;
Within a certain public house,
Where many jovial toppers drew
Some told their tale, some sung a song,
With merry heart and soul so free:
'Twere hard to find for miles around,
That night so blythe a company
The ale went round in tankard bright
And show'd a most inviting foam
The night was dark, the fire was bright,
And none e'er thought of wife or home
A certain wight was there that night,
On business bent from Tunstal Hill
He seem'd to be as blythe a soul,
As ever drew a cork or bill,

An old man sat before the fire,
 And sipp'd a humming glass of ale ;
 He call'd on all to silence keep,
 And beg'd attention to his tale.
 He told a tale of MARSDEN ROCK,
 And of a Hermit old and grey ;
 Yet what he was or what he'd been,
 None e'er as yet had leave to say.
 'Twas said by some that he could pry
 Into man's future time on earth ;
 Could tell the length of mortal life,
 And read the destiny of birth.
 He used to walk alone, and oft
 Would stand and gaze on all around
 And if at night you chanc'd to pass
 His cave, he oft at prayer was found
 'Twas said by some who knew him well
 He never or did seldom sleep ;
 And youthful maidens oft have seen
 The silent tear steal down his cheek.
 One night he strangely disappeared
 And there he ne'er more was seen ;
 And to this day it still remains
 A wonder what he e'er had been.
 The farmer blythly from Tunstall Hill,
 Sat with his mouth stretch'd openwide
 And fear began to cross his mind
 He must in that direction ride.
 The tale was done—the farmer sat,
 And gulph'd each glass of brandy down

He never thought about the time,
 So quickly had each moment flown,
 The landlord he had spent his youth
 At sea, on board a man-of-war ;
 And often 'mused his guest with tales
 Of sights and scenes he'd witness'd there.
 Now some did sing, and some did pass
 The free and laugh-provoking joke :
 At once the room was filled with din,
 And fumes of strong tobacco smoke ;
 Atlast some dropp'd away to sleep,
 And on their seats did loudly snore ;
 While some more heavy of the head,
 Lay stretched upon the limestone floor,
 The farmer drank until that he
 Could scarcely stand or walk alone.
 The landlord then enquir'd if he,
 That night intended going home.
 The farmer yawn'd and hiccup'd—Yes !
 And then enquired how went the clock ?
 'Tis ten, The farmer now began
 To think of ghosts and Marsden Rock.
 He called for horse—the horse was brought,
 And ostler held it at the door.
 The wind was blowing—furious gale—
 In many a whirl and deepening roar
 Our hero now came reeling out,
 And mounting, mutter'd out, good night !
 He struck the whip, likewise the spur,
 And soon was lost to ear and sight.
 The thunder roar'd out o'er his head,
 The lightning quick around him flew,
 The wind it whistled round his path,
 With many an angry boding wh—ew.
 The sea that night with billows strong,
 Did lash with fury on the shore :

The old man alive declared

He ne'er saw such a night before.

The farmer he was mystified,

With brandy and the old man's tale :

He thought so much of Marsden Rock,

He ne'er thought once about the gale.

One sudden flash of lightning came,

His horse it rear'd, then onward sped,

The farmer then he lost the rein.

Which gave the animal its head.

In vain he tried to seize the rein,

For all his efforts would not do;

The more he tried, the more he failed,

While faster now his horse it flew.

The farmer now roll'd on his seat,

The fumes of brandy made him wrath ;

He hiccup'd, mutter'd, then bestow'd

Upon his beast a direful oath.

This oath had scarce escap'd his lips,

Which came with a deep blasphemous moan,

When, lo! he saw a something : what?

He could not tell—it gave a moan—

At last it spoke:—"Vain mortal, know

Of me thou has no cause to fear ;

For this night I have a tale to tell,

Which must be told into thine ear."

Our hero then drew up in dread.

For terror strong his breast did fill;

And oft he wish'd him back to Shields,

Or at his home at Tunstall Hill.

Now he sat him down upon the bank,

And the spectre it sat by his side ;

Poor farmer's eyes were firmly fix'd,

And his mouth was also gaping wide.

PART II.

The spectre then began his tale ;—

“In former days a castle stood,
Not far from here upon the plain,
Surrounded by a pleasant wood.
The lordly owner was a man
Of manners rough, and strange austere ;
His servants quick obey'd his word,
And serv'd him not through love, but fear
His lady died when scarce nineteen,
And left behind a smiling child :
Who soon a blooming girl became,
With features sweet, and temper mild.
She was her father's greatest pride,
Her honour was his ev'ry care :
And oft, in thought, he saw her placed
Above the highest of the fair.
And it was said that she alone
Had pow'r her father's heart to move ;
A smile from her would make him change
A look of wrath to one of love,
My father rented acres of
This Lord, when I was quite a boy ;
And often did I meet the maid,
Whose face was always lit with joy.
His lordship riding by one day,
Spoke to my father, ask'd my age :
Enquired if I would like to go
And serve him as a Youthful Page.

I shortly went to serve this lord,
 And often now with joy did see
 The charming Mary, beauty's queen,
 She was the greatest joy on earth to me.
 Although I was a boy I felt
 Love's passion strong within my breast,
 Was she in sight I saw none else,
 If absent—I could find no rest !
 But why dwell longer on this theme ?
 We grew in years, we grew in love ;
 Our hearts were plighted, and our vows
 Were registered in heaven above.
 We often met in bower or glade,
 Or 'neath the well known cherry tree :
 I pull'd the fruit, and if she smil'd,
 Reward more sweet there could not be.
 When eighteen summers had gone by,
 She then appeared a perfect queen :
 If you had rode a thousand miles,
 None fairer could your eyes have seen.
 Just then a certain pompous lord
 Came on a visit from the west :
 He was possess'd of ample wealth,
 And pride also within his breast.
 He, scarce had been a fortnight there,
 Before he offer'd her his hand ;
 Her father urged, but all in vain,
 At length he said 'twas his command.
 Oh ? father dear, the maiden said,
 To me you never were unkind,
 Your love for me is far too great
 Then have me wed against my mind.
 Oft-times of late I would have spoke,
 But fear'd that on me you would frown
 But now that's past, I must per force
 Confess my heart is not my own :

What said'st ? the father quick exclaimed,
 I care not if thy hand is free !
 Too well thou knowest thy duty, child,
 Then match with one of low degree :
 Those tell-tale blushes on thy cheek
 Say I am right, child ?—am I not ?
 If, father, you the truth must know,
 My heart is won by Harry Spot ;
 Nay, frown not father, it is so,
 Your Page he holds my youthful heart,
 And we are sworn by him on high,
 That we in life will never part.
 The father stood aghast, bereft
 Of ev'ry feeling but amaze :
 No more he said, but left the maid,
 And sought out me the offending Page.
 He came—methinks I view him now :
 Methinks I hear the oath he said ;
 Then in a fury drove me hence,
 With imprecations on my head.
 One night a female in disguise,
 Arrived before my father's door,
 And told me I was to repair
 With speed unto the seas bleak shore.
 I flew with all the speed I could,
 Like hound across the woody glade ;
 And there I found in sorrow bound,
 My own sweet Mary, charming maid,
 Oh ! save me : save me ! Spot, she cried,
 I'm thine for ever, leave me not ?
 Remember thou our fast-sworn vow,
 Oh ! is that vow by thee forgot ?
 My father he has pledg'd his word,
 That I shall be this young lord's bride ;
 But time shall never bring the day,
 That tears thee, Harry, from my side !

I told her not to be afraid,
 I'd quell this haughty lordling's pride :
 I'd make him rue the day that e'er
 He sought to make my love his bride
 We parted, and she then repair'd
 Once more unto her father's hall ;
 While oft she turned to say farewell,
 But tears forbade that word to fall
 This lord I knew at nights did roam
 Along the shore in musing mood :
 He was of meditative mind :
 Reflection deep dwelt in his blood
 I hew'd a den within yon rock
 And oft at night me and my mare
 Did lie esconced within that cave,
 While none could tell that we were there.
 Oh ! how I long'd to meet this lord
 Upon that bleak and barren shore ;
 Full well I knew that one of us
 Would wander on that sand no more.
 One night I stepp'd out from the cave,
 And saw him walking on the sand ;
 My heart it leap'd, my brain was mad ;
 I overtook, and bid him stand.
 What art thou, fool ? he quickly ask'd,
 Thou seem'st of temper fierce and hot
 What is thy name ? I then replied,
 Know, haughty lord, my name is Spot !
 I've come to seek revenge for her

Who pines within yon castle wall ;
 This night thy skill and courage try,
 For one of us shall surely fall.
 Thou mean and paltry low-bred knave,
 He then replied, I take thy word;
 Yet I'm ashamed shuch worthless blood
 Should ever stain my glit'ring sword.
 I give thee warning do not bring
 Thyself into the unequal strife,
 Thy friends may live to mourn thy death
 Bear witness, I seek not thy life,
 Well said my lord, I then repli'd
 I seek no mercy at thy hand--
 If once I fall then spare me not,
 My blood shall freely stain this sand.
 My blade was drawn and he also
 His sword from out its scabbard drew,
 And with a fury, demon like
 Around his head it furious flew,
 Now in defence we both were set,
 I ey'd him well, one out he made—
 Next moment I had struck his sword,
 And on the sea shore lay his blade,
 Once more he stood with sword in hand :
 Come on I cried, once more engage,
 He came with fury in his looks
 And with a wounded tiger's rage.
 I cautious went to work—our blades
 High in the air with fury flew:

I cut a stroke and from his head
 His lordly blood my sword it drew
 The conflict now was deadly grown—
 He made a lunge, I at him flew,
 Next moment I had plunged my sword
 Up to the hilt—his body through
 I stood and look'd upon his form,
 As on the sandy beach it lay,
 To save him then was past my power,
 For life was ebbing fast away,
 One sigh he gave—a deep drawn sigh
 As if two breaths were drawn in one,
 A strong convulsive tremour seiz'd
 His frame, and then the life was gone
 Just then I heard footsteps approach,
 Fast treading o'er the brittle sand,
 I then in flight for safety sought,
 And ran with naked sword in hand,
 I had not time to take my mare.
 For onward still my steps did bend
 I left her in that lonely place,
 With no one near to know her end.
 Years after and my mare was found.
 The people round the place did flock,
 And from that circumstance attained
 Its present name as MARE'S DEN ROCK.
 On, on I ran I took no time
 To say farewell to friends or home;
 I parted from them and became
 An outcast on the world to roam.

PART 111.

My thoughts were turn'd to foreign lands,
 To them for safety then I flew;
 And in the height of my despair,
 I join'd a reckless pirate's crew.
 What scenes of blood oft met my eyes,
 My brains was fire I seldom slept,
 And oft at night I left my couch
 To walk the deck where oft I wept.
 At length more harden'd I became,
 More wretched too each day I grew—
 I plunged in guilt, I shed more blood
 Than any one among the crew.
 Sometimes in silence deep absorbed,
 At night I on the deck have stood,
 While some temptation mov'd me oft
 To plunge headlong into the flood.
 But love of life still drew me back,
 And thus for ever was perplext
 At once to free me from this world,
 Yet conscience durst not face the next.
 'Twas night, the sea was calm and clear
 The moon and stars shone in the sky—
 The scene was beautiful and sweet,
 The playful waves went rippling by,
 Such was the scene one night, when all

The crew sat boozing on the deck.
 Each boasted of his deeds of blood.
 Of radine, murder and of wreck.
 The wine around the deck it flew,
 And each seemed bent on drinking most
 Just in the midst the oaptain rose,
 And called attention to his toast.
 He scarcely spoke when down he fell,
 We to his side that instant sped—
 We raised him up but life was gone,
 His soul was numbered with the dead
 And long before the morning came
 We launched his form into the wave
 Without a sigh without a tear
 We horn him to his watery grave.
 My daring daeds had made me now
 The here of this reckless band—
 And one and all resolved that night
 That I should take supreme command,
 I took the post—and then all hands
 With noisy clamour round me drew.
 I spoke—and soon as I obtained,
 Their silence has addressed the crew—
 Hark ye—my fellow-shipmates all—
 I've suffered much, man's been the cause—
 I'll be reveng'd, I now despise
 His forms. his governmet aud laws,
 These seas shall redden'd be with blood,
 With all I'll wage a deadly strife—
 The man who gains my friendship will
 Be he who robs the most of life,
 I've sworn a curse on all mankind
 That curse shall never moredeyart
 'Tis founded on the wrongs I've had
 'Tis graven deeply on my hearq.

Loud cheers resounded o'er the deep,
 And high my spirits rose that night---
 When from the topmast came a voice
 A sail! a sail! just heaves in sight.
 Our flag was hoisted--decks were cleared---
 Our guns were ready brought to play;
 Each post was fill'd each heart was fain
 And anxious for the mortal fray.
 I gave the word--a volley flew.
 As quickly was it then return'd.
 Now for the conflict--dreadful. grew...
 How anxious then my heart it burn'd
 We near'd we boarded, then the work
 Of fell destruction round us flew
 It was man to man--'twas life for life--
 In equal numbers were each crew,
 Now at last victorious we became--
 We put them to a hasty flight.
 Some scaled the yards, some flew below
 Which terminated now the fight,
 I stepp'd along the deck and there
 An old man deep dyed in his gore
 His head was cleft in twain as he
 Lay on the vessel's boarded floor.
 A female of a graceful form.
 With mildest words hung o'er the dead
 While ever and anon I saw
 The bitter scalding tears shed,
 Ah? who can tell what feelings rose
 Within my breast as I drew near
 To find my Mary in that form
 And in the slain her father dedr
 When I approached she lifted up
 Her streaming eyes--they fell on me--
 She crias! ales what have I done?
 See there my father slain by tnee?

Oh! cursed hour——Oh! cursed man!
 My love for ever; now is flown:
 Restore my father to my arms.
 Then I will once more be thy own.
 Her quiv'ring lip and faltering tongue
 In agony could say no more
 She in a moment dropt her head
 And senseless fell upon the floor.
 I took her in my arms and ran
 Into the cabin straight I flew.
 strove to calm her, but in vain
 For each moment she more frantic grew.
 At last she in a stupor lay—
 And consciousness did never return
 While I in sorrow like a child
 Hung over her form her loss to mourn
 Once more she opened her bright eyes,
 Which shone with more than mortal ray
 One sigh she gave—it was her last—
 Her gentle spirit passed away.
 That night I saw them both descend
 Into the bowels of the deep——
 Beneath the wide Atlantic's wave
 They sleep their everlasting sleep.
 At length I left this lawless crew
 My heart was sick of scenes like these!
 And though I then had wealth in store,
 I never could find one moment's ease.
 Full forty summers had gone by,
 While I that time *did madly roam* :
 At last *disguised* I sought this place,
 To view once more my native home.
 I dwelt within the Rock's rude cave,
 Folks called me *Hermit of the Sea*.
 I chang'd my name—no longer *Spot*,
 But only known as "*Old Spottee*!"

The rustics came to see me oft
To have their future fortunes told ;
 And good advice I gave to all
 Held up the weak repressed the bold.
 No doubt they wondered at the last
 What in one night became of me :
 I wandered out the night was dark.
 And I was swept off by the sea,
 I struggled long I cried for help
 My old cloak wrapt around my head.
 I prayed for pardon of my sins
 And soon my spirit from me fled—
 My doom since then has been to roam
 Around this place each weary night
 Until the cock shall warning give
 Of the approach of morning light.
 This is my punishment for years,
A thousand must be gone and fled,
 Before my spirit shall find rest,
 And sleep at peace among the dead
 But see the dawn breaks in the east !
And hark ! the crowing of the cock !
 Farewell, my friend, remember me
 Whenever you pass by *Marsden Rock*
 The spirit passed away in fire,
 The farmer look'd nought could he see ;
 Yet still he thought he heard a voice.
That whispering said Remember me !

PART IV.

Sweet were the blushes of the morn,
 As Sol rose from his eastern bed ;
The Storm and Tempest far away
 Had o'er the placid billows fled.
 No trace was left of all that storm
 Which had so raged the night before ;
 The waves in rolling gambols played,
 And leaped *like lambs* upon the shore.
 Where was our hero to be found,
 When daylight broke upon the land ?
 In sleep most sound he lay outstretched
 His form reposing on the sand.
 The fumes of brandy were dispersed
 From out his former burning brain ;
 Delusive fancy she had fled
 And reason took her seat again——
 Yet there are deep impressions oft
 Made on the mind in fancy's hour,
 Which never are wholly shaken off.
 By reason with her strongest power,
 Our friend, the farmer now arose,
 And rubb'd as yet his sleepy eyes,
 And looking up he then beheld
 The rising sun had lit the skies.

He yawn'd and shook his dripping coat,
 He felt himself wet *through and through*,
 Why he was *there* he could not tell,
 Or when he came what time or how.
 His thoughts reverted back to SHIELDS,
 And to the company's madd'ning roar.
 Where was his HORSE, or how came HE
 For to be now lying on the SHORE?
 He look'd around and there his HORSE
 Among the rocks *he* did espy,
 Nibb'ling some sea-weed for its fare;
 No other living thing was nigh.
 He caught his beast, and took his way
 To *Peter All—n's at the Rock!*
 He shouted *Peter All—h! oh!*
 Are ye alive? pray what's the clock?
 Kind Peter heard his well-known voice,
 And opened wide his public door;
 And when he saw the farmer cried.
 Hae ye been sleeping on the ehore?
 Come in, come in, and have a glass,
 And tell us where ye've been last night,
 Oh! Peter, man, the farmer cried,
 I'm almost dead with cold and fright.
 The farmer forthwith srepd within.
 And call for a glass of rum an ale;
 And after he'd got more composed
 He rehears'd to Peter all his tale.
 Says Peter, it appears to me
 Ya cannot tell where ye have been
 Nor how ye got upon the coast—
 Why man, its only been a dream!
 A dream the farmer then reylid,
 If dreams can give such fear and pain,
 I hope in all my blessed days,
 I never may have a dream again.

No Peter, no, you may depend,
 As I'm alive I saw a ghost;
 And do believe 'twas he that took
 And landed me upon the coast:
 Oh! Peter, had you yourself been ther
 Your nerves had gotten such a shock:
 Ye ne'er would staid, for all your gains,
 Another night in Marsden Ruck!
 Then Peter laugh'd and cried, nonsense.
 Your brains are turn'd your sense is lost,
Why, Peter man, I heard the words
As plain as I have told you now;
I saw him sitting by my side,
And heard him when away he flew.
 Ye say you'll not believe in ghosts,
 Hear what my honest mother said;
 She was as truthful Peter, mind
 As o'er a one that went to bed.
 "She said one night at twelve o'clock
 As she sat dozing by the fire,
 Her old aunts ghost appcur'd to her,
 Just at the time she did expire.
 Now Peter there is not a hole
 At which your reason through can creep
 Why man, says Peter don't you see
 Your mother's been hard fast asleep,
 Well, well, the farmer cried again,
 We'll drop the subject, let it be;
 I see I can't convince you, and
 I'm sure you cannot convince me.
 Come fill the glasses once again
 And tell me what there is to pay,
 Short reckonings make the longest friends,
 At least that's what I've heard same say

*That's just my creed, chimed in the host,
 And much of this life care and grief
 In worldly matters might be spared,
 Did men but practice this belief,
 Give me my bill, the farmer cried
 And leave off preaching at that rate;
 If you can always pay your debts,
 You're in an enviable state.*

*As thus our friend the farmer spoke,
 His open countenance did lour;
 While Peter laughingly rejoined,
 Your damp bed has made your temper sour—*

** No more was said the bill was paid,
 The parting cup was wanting still;
 When it was drunk the farmer rose
 To take his road to Tunstall Hill.
 Farewell! the farmer cried, I now
 Will take my road along the shore;
 Mind give a call at Tunstall Hill,
 To Marsden Rock I'll come no more?
 And if you call right honest cheer
 I will give to you with free good will,
 And you may travel safe at nights
 For we have no ghosts at Tunstall Hill!*

*The farmer then he struck the whip,
 And flew with speed along the shore,
 And as he rode he look'd behind,
 And cried, Peter, never more.*

No Peter, no, you may depend,
 As I'm alive I saw a ghost;
 And do believe 'twas he that took
 And landed me upon the coast:
 Oh! Peter, had you yourself been ther
 Your nerves had gotten such a shock:
 Ye ne'er would staid, for all your gains,
 Another night in Marsden Rack!
 Then Peter laugh'd and cried, nonsense.
 Your brains are turn'd your sense is lost.
Why, Peter man, I heard the words
As plain as I have told you now;
I saw him sitting by my side,
And heard him when away he flew.
 Ye say you'll not believe in ghosts,
 Hear what my honest mother said;
 She was as truthful Peter, mind
 As o'er a one that went to bed.
 "She said one night at twelve o'clock
 As she sat dozing by the fire,
 Her old aunts ghost appear'd to her,
 Just at the time she did expire.
 Now Peter there is not a hole
 At which your reason through can creep
 Why man, says Peter don't you see
 Your mother's been hard fast asleep,
 Well, well, the farmer cried again,
 We'll drop the subject, let it be;
 I see I can't convince you, and
 I'm sure you cannot convince me.
 Come fill the glasses once again
 And tell me what there is to pay,
 Short reckonings make the longest friends,
 At least that's what I've heard same say

That's just my creed, chimed in the host,

And much of this life care and grief
In worldly matters might be spared,

Did men but practice this belief,
Give me my bill, the farmer cried

And leave off preaching at that rate ;

If you can always pay your debts,

You're in an enviable state.

As thus our friend the farmer spoke,

His open countenance did lour ;

While Peter laughingly rejoined,

Your damp bed has made your temper sour—

No more was said the bill was paid,

The parting cup was wanting still ;

When it was drunk the farmer rose

To take his road to Tunstall Hill,

Farewell! the farmer cried, I now

Will take my road along the shore ;

Mind give a call at Tunstall Hill,

To Marsden Rock I'll come no more?

And if you call right honest cheer

I will give to you with free good will,

And you may travel safe at nights

For we have no ghosts at Tunstall Hill !

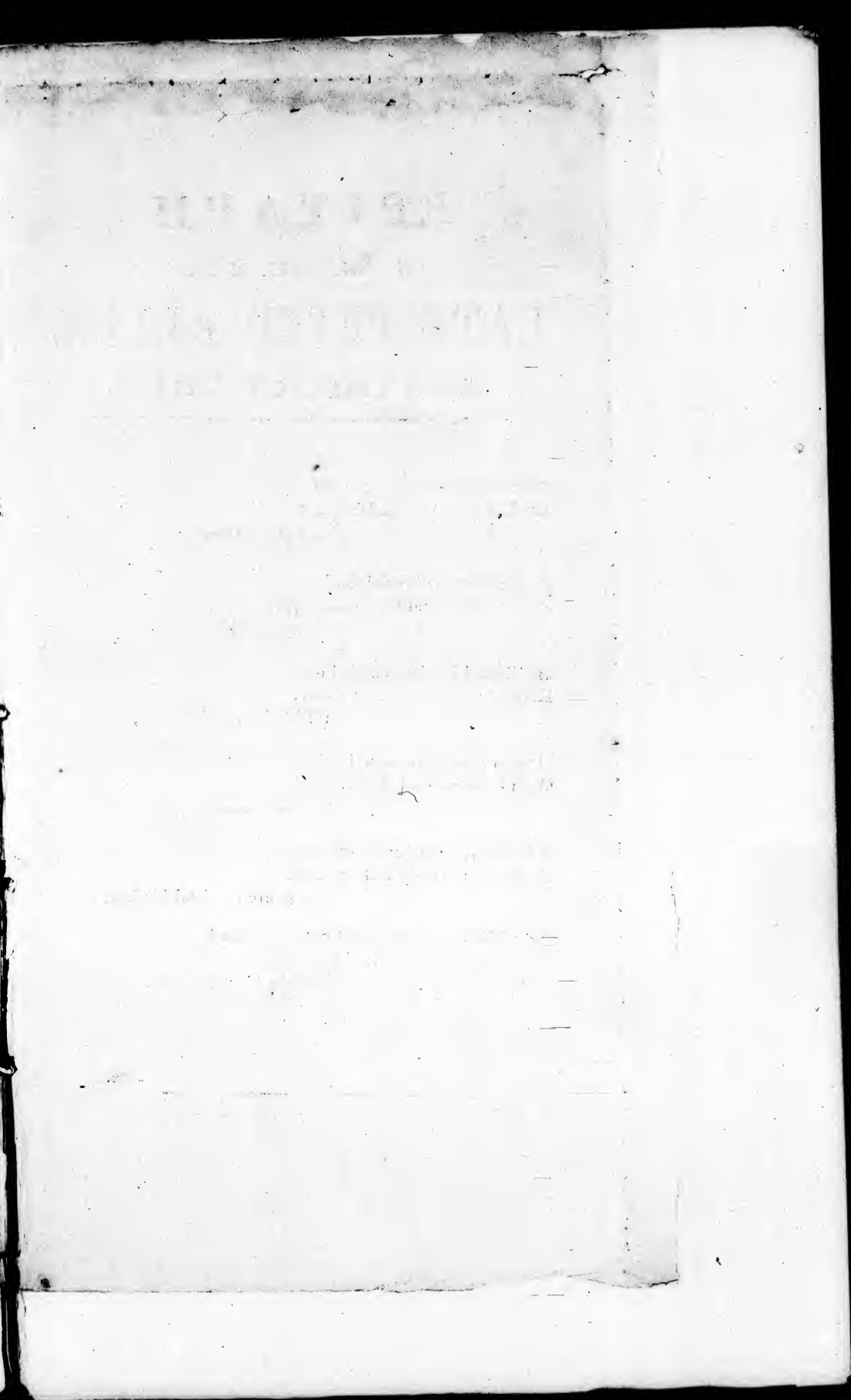
The farmer then he struck the whip,

And flew with speed along the shore,

And as he rode he look'd behind,

And cried, Peter, never more.

*The farmer to his dying day
Related oft what he had seen ;
Always persisting it was true,
And not as some supposed a dream.
He never beheld night closing in,
Or heard the crowing of a cock,
Without their bringing to his mind,
The night he passed near MARSDEN ROCK.*



EPITAPH
ON THE DEATH OF THE
LATE PETER ALLEN,
OF MARSDEN ROCK.

Is there one soul to friendship dear,
Let him draw near and drop a tear,
To Peter's memory.

A man he was of social soul,
As e'er was found from pole to pole,
Of manners kind and free.

His jocund laugh resounded far,
Defying grief, and canker'd care,
Within his manly heart ;

He ever gave a welcome kind,
With these in need did ever find
In him a soothing part.

Yet now he's gone and sleeps below,
No more his kindly feelings flow,
Which fire to friendship lent:

But while that MARSDEN ROCK shall stand,
The wonders of his skilful hand
Shall be his monument.

J. ROSS, PRINTER & PUBLISHER, NEWCASTLE.

THE BROOKSIDE.

Down by the brook above the weir
How still the water flows !
So still and silent, deep and clear,
That like a lake it grows ;
So that it's best
To sit and rest
Beneath the shade in quietness here,
Listening to all the songsters near.
Upon the hawthorn hedge close by
The linnet sings her song,
And up above the trees so high
The lark sings clear and strong
His tuneful lay
To opening day,
While mounting upwards to the sky,
Where lost soon he is by the eye.
The ferns hanging o'er the brink
Are rich in shades of green ;
The yellow primrose seems to shrink—
Low on the ground 'tis seen ;
Its flower so fair
Fanned by the air,
So quiet and modest, that you think
Out of your sight it wants to sink.
The swallows fly quick through the air,
Then skim across the brook,
And in the waters shadowed there
They twice as many look ;
For here the sky
Looks just as high,
And all around it everywhere
The scene in it looks quite as fair.
But down below, in water deep,
Are seen the speckled trout,
Some lying still as if asleep,
While others swim about,
Or quietly rise
In search of flies,
Then swiftly from the water leap,
And 'mong the flies a harvest reap.
Watch now the heron in her flight ;
She comes straight to the brook
At early morning or dewy night ;
'Tis then a treat to look,
And quietly watch
How she can catch
The little trout before your sight,
Which she considers is her right.

EPITAPH

ON THE DEATH OF THE
LATE PETER ALLEN
OF MARSDEN ROCK

Is there one soul to friendship dear,
Let him draw near and drop a tear,
To Peter's memory.

A man he was of social soul,
As s'er was found from pole to pole,
Of manners kind and free.

His jocund laugh resounded far,
Defying grief, and canker'd care,
Within his manly heart.

He ever gave a welcome kind,
With these in need did ever find
In him a soothing part.

Yet now he's gone and sleeps below,
No more his kindly feelings flow,
Which fire to friendship lent.

But while that MARSDEN ROCK shall stand,
The wonders of his skilful hand
Shall be his monument.

J. ROSS, PRINTER & PUBLISHER, NEWCASTLE.

THE BROOKSIDE.

Down by the brook above the weir
How still the water flows !
So still and silent, deep and clear,
That like a lake it grows ;
So that it's best
To sit and rest

Beneath the shade in quietness here,
Listening to all the songsters near.

Upon the hawthorn hedge close by
The linnet sings her song,
And up above the trees so high
The lark sings clear and strong
His tuneful lay
To opening day,

While mounting upwards to the sky,
Where lost soon he is by the eye.

The ferns hanging o'er the brink
Are rich in shades of green ;
The yellow primrose seems to shrink—
Low on the ground 'tis seen ;

Its flower so fair
Fanned by the air,
So quiet and modest, that you think
Out of your sight it wants to sink.

The swallows fly quick through the air,
Then skim across the brook,
And in the waters shadowed there
They twice as many look ;

For here the sky
Looks just as high,
And all around it everywhere
The scene in it looks quite as fair.

But down below, in water deep,
Are seen the speckled trout,
Some lying still as if asleep,
While others swim about,

Or quietly rise
In search of flies,
Then swiftly from the water leap,
And 'mong the flies a harvest reap.

Watch now the heron in her flight ;
She comes straight to the brook
At early morning or dewy night ;

'Tis then a treat to look,
And quietly watch
How she can catch
The little trout before your sight,
Which she considers is her right.

The old hedgerow with blossoms white
Now sweetly scents the air,
The old beech-trees so shade the light
That it is pleasant there
To linger still,
And take your fill
Of all the varied scene so bright
Which all around you meet the sight.
But further on changed is the scene;
The brook is still; no more
For dashing onward runs the stream,
And o'er the weir does pour
Its water bright
In the sunlight,
And splashing, tumbling down, is seen
No more again like what it's been.
For as it dashes headlong o'er
The stones with rising spray,
Though quiet and calm it was before,
Now changed is its way
From the quiet brook,
That it does look
Quite wild, as with a sullen roar
It rushes onwards to the shore.
But close at hand, sluggish and slow,
The mill-stream gently glides
Along its course, confined to flow
Enclosed in stone-built sides;
And though so near
The noisy weir
It's never tossed wild to and fro,
But calm and silent on does go.
Thus I wander by the brookside,
And view each varied scene
Which I loved with a boyish pride,
As often I have been
In bygone days
Round all its ways.
For here in youth I used to guide
My ships on waters I thought wide.
Still like a friend of other days
I oft return to thee,
And wander o'er thy lovely ways,
Thy old landmarks to see;
So now, old brook,
Once more I look
Around thee and on old scenes gaze,
Which I will ever love and praise.
GEO. LOGAN.